

THE  
**MUSICAL WORLD,**  
A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

MAR. 12, 1840.

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For that rarest of combinations—in music as in everything else—excellence and cheapness, commend us to the huge concerts at Exeter-hall. Music and the very few other enjoyments which belong to the imaginative and un-sensual part of human feeling, offer but little hold to the grasp of Utilitarianism. Of all sciences—or pleasures rather, as it is usually followed—it appears least adaptable to the American spirit of "go-a-headitiveness" which is fast becoming the ruling spirit of enterprise in this country. Hitherto we have been taught to regard music, in its greatest perfection, as too costly an indulgence for any save the pet children of fortune: we have been forced to associate the highest class of concerts—country festivals and London Philharmonics, for instance—with drafts upon the world's gear too heavy for the inclination, or even duty, of that portion of society for which, of all others, such amusements are most necessary. Without a tinge of radicalism in our composition, we profess no sympathy with your thorough-going people of fashion. To them the journey of life should be anything but a weary pilgrimage; its asperities are of their own seeking and their own finding—at least they are not denied the wherewithal to "boil their peas." The monotony said to appertain to a life of inactive ease, may need the relaxation of specific excitement; but whatever be the pleasure they covet—whether music or anything less innocent—the price of its purchase lies within their grasp. Precisely at that point, however, which connects the rear of the wealthy idlers with the vanguard of the necessarily industrious, the case begins to assume a widely different aspect. Throughout the hive of workers, look where we will, whether at the professor of science, the time-honoured votary of literature, the man of trade, "he that goes down to the sea in ships, and occupies his business

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in great waters," or patiently drudging shopkeeper, we shall find one on whose fears fate does not reflect its catalogue of freaks and mischances. With all such men, toil is an unalienable inheritance, and with but too many its burden is aggravated by calamities which no prudence can foresee—by ill successes which neither skill nor industry can avert. These, then, are the very grades of existence which peculiarly demand and deserve whatever of joy and peace may be unfolded in the general scheme of the world; as their business of life is toilsome and uncertain, so should its pleasures be elevating and cheaply procured. In speaking of music as one, and the *fittest* of all such enjoyments, we are conscious of an *ipso facto* charge of partiality—nevertheless, seriously so we deem it. Poets and moralists would supply us quotations out of number as to its divine nature, its entrancing power, and its tendency to exalt and de-sensualize the mind; still these are but the opinions of men sharing with their fellows the human frailties of error and individual prejudice; and we would therefore base the claims of music on fact rather than on speculation, and assume at once the inexpugnable position, that to whatever extent music shall have penetrated the mind, in the same degree restlessness and vacuity, with their concomitants, vice and discontent, abandon it.

Who will tell us that that which is so essential to the happiness of the million should be reserved for the milk-sop affection of the few? None, we think, save those whose mental exclusiveness leads them to patronize that as a *luxury* which they would but barely tolerate if pronounced, by the march of national taste, one of the *necessaries* of life. Commend us, then, to that enjoyment which, even but for an hour, can cheat the toiling man of his thoughts of ledgers, day-books, and all the troubles of book-keeping, whether by single or double entry—to that which, by innocent and ennobling delight, can ease his wearied carcase of its remembrances of office-desks, high stools, and pen-cramped fingers;—and, above all, commend us to this medicine for his ills, when administered by such physicians as do not set a prohibitory price on their nostrums. For such advantages we look—and, we regret to say, to them only—to our friends at Exeter Hall. They give only the very highest order of music;—if their performance does not always reach the summit of perfection, it is, at least, equal to that of most provincial festivals—and whoever would play the niggard, and refuse the sacrifice of three shillings to hear the most gigantic outpourings of genius developed by such a band and chorus as they provide, deserves his experience of all life's miseries, with just so much of its pleasures as chance may cast at his feet, and not one jot more.

On Friday evening in last week, the Sacred Harmonic Society performed Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. As we have, on several former occasions, noticed the execution of this sublime oratorio at these concerts, we now merely remark, that its effect was as wonderful as ever, and even greatly enhanced by the near approach to correct time at which its various pieces were taken—the want of which has always hitherto marred the best efforts of the orchestra. Misses Birch and Hawes, and Messrs. Hobbs, Leffler, and Phillips, sang the solos, which included some interpolations—additions, certainly, though anything but improvements.

The re-announcement of *Israel in Egypt* for to-morrow evening, requires no recommendation of our's to the attention of those who love music;—to those who do not, we say, Heaven's mercy be upon them, for they most especially need it!

### HISTORY OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

Lady Anne Barnard, who died in 1825, the sister of the Earl of Balcarras, and wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, wrote a charming song of Auld Robin Gray. A quarto tract, edited "The Ariosto of the North," and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne Club, contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne, and two continuations by the same authoress; while the introduction consists almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the editor, dated Jan. 1823, part of which we take the liberty of inserting here:—

"Robin Gray, as called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London: I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; ———, who lived before our day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me: 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and given Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing!—Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The row was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. At our fireside and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with, but such was my dread of being suspected of writing any thing, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

"Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio as a great curiosity, or a very modern matter and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not, or where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstances of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the tale from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me one question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my security.

### "AULD ROBIN GRAY.

"When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,  
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,  
The woes of my heart fa' in showers from my ee,  
Unken'd by my gudeman who soundly sleeps by me.

"Young Jamie loo'd me weel and sought me for his bride;  
But saving ae crown piece he'd naethin else beside;  
To make the crown a pound \* my Jamie went to sea,  
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

\* "I must also mention (says Lady Anne, in the letter already quoted) the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who in a tete a-tete afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing "To make the crown a pound my Jamie gae'd to sea" say, to make it twenty merks, for a Scottish pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line (whispered he) that tells me that sang was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots' money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it."

"Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,  
My father brak his arm and our cow was stown away;  
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—  
And auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a courting me.

"My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;  
I toil'd day and night but their bread I cou'dna win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,  
Said 'Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?'

"My heart said 'Na!' and I look'd for Jamie back;  
But hard blew the winds and his ship was a wrack;  
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?  
Or, wherefore am I spared to cry out 'Woe is me!'

"My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;  
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me,

"I hadna been his wife a week, but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,  
Till he said, 'I'm come home my love to marry thee!'

"O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';  
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang away.  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
For O, I am but young to cry out, 'Woe is me!'

"I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;  
I darena think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin.  
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me."

#### JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

When we observe the splendour which surrounds the name of this illustrious musician, and the veneration with which it is regarded by the whole musical world, it seems difficult to believe that such honours, paid to the memory of a contemporary of Handel, should be of so recent a date. Sebastian Bach spent his life at Leipzig, in a retirement congenial to his disposition, and enjoying a certain degree of celebrity among the organists and learned musicians of the north of Germany; but he had been many years gathered to his fathers before his works, or even his name, were heard of beyond the boundaries of Saxony and Prussia.

At the present time it is curious, and indeed amusing, to observe the manner in which his character was disposed of many years after his death by our great musical historian, Dr. Burney. After quoting the opinion of Marpurge, "that Sebastian Bach was many great musicians in one; profound in science, fertile in fancy, and in taste *easy and natural*" (the italics are the doctor's own); he adds, in a note:—"To this part of the encomium many are unwilling to assent; as this truly great man seems by his works for the organ, of which I am in possession of the chief part, to have been constantly in search of what was new and difficult, *without the least attention to nature and facility*. He was so fond of full harmony, that, besides a constant and active use of the pedals, he is said to have put down such keys, *by a stick in his mouth*, as neither hands nor feet could reach." This childish remark was all that the historian had to say of the organ works of Sebastian Bach, although he had "the greatest part of them in his possession." When we look at the music for keyed instruments that was fashionable in Burney's time—slight and frivolous productions which would not now present any difficulty, either of comprehension or performance, to a clever school-

girl, we can easily conceive that Bach was incomprehensible and impracticable to most of the organ and harpsichord players of Burney's day: but it must also be remembered that the historian had collected materials for his work in a tour through Germany, in the course of which it might have been thought, he would have been taught to form a due estimate of the illustrious German musician. He everywhere mingled in the highest musical circles, and his industrious inquiries suffered nothing to escape him: yet it does not appear from his narrative that he ever heard a note of Bach's music, or received any impression of his greatness. It was not till long after the publication of his history that Burney became aware of Bach's real character, when he happened to hear some of his fugues performed on the organ by Samuel Wesley. He listened with wonder and delight, and declared that, till that day, he had been ignorant of their grandeur and beauty. This circumstance, so honourable to Dr. Burney's candour, was mentioned to us by Mr. Novello, who was present when it occurred; and it ought to be generally known, in order that musical students may not be misled by an opinion which was given in a celebrated work, but which the author himself afterwards retracted.

Since Burney's time the fame of Sebastian Bach has spread over the whole musical world; and every truly great musician who has flourished within the last half century has "given his days and nights" to the works of this illustrious master. They were the favourite study of Mozart; and their author shared with Handel the veneration of Beethoven. It is in the performance of his fugues that Mendelssohn displays his unrivalled powers as an organist; and it is in them that, on the pianoforte, Moscheles shows his wonderful art in developing, with clearness and force, the most profound combinations of harmony. Among our native musicians, too, who aspire to the character of genuine artists, there is none who would not feel indignant at being supposed ignorant of the works of Sebastian Bach. This knowledge, however, among us is as yet confined to his compositions for keyed instruments; his great ecclesiastical works are still almost unknown. Attempts have occasionally been made to perform fragments of them at our festivals, but never with the care and exertion which such music demands. At the sacred concerts of the celebrated Choron, Bach's compositions were carefully performed; and we observe that, at one of the recent concerts of the *Conservatoire* (which correspond to our Philharmonic concerts) one of the principal features was a selection from the *Passione*. The performance of this great work would be an honourable achievement for the Sacred Harmonic Society in Exeter-hall.—*Morning Chronicle*.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF NATIONAL MELODIES.

THE chief delight of the wandering tribes of Persia, is to sit together, smoking their pipes, and listening to songs and tales, or looking at the tricks and grimaces, and enjoying the witticisms of buffoons,\* (who are to be found in every quarter of Persia), and some of whom are perfectly skilled in their art. A Persian chief of a Kurdish tribe, who remained several days with the British missions near Kermanshah, in 1801, had in his train a jester, who possessed very versatile and extraordinary talents. One day upon the march, the fellow, addressing the English envoy, said, "You are, no doubt, very proud of the discipline you have established amongst your Persian servants, who march in your front in as regular a style as your own soldiers. How long, sir, has it taken you to introduce this order among my countrymen?"—"About six months," was the reply. "Now," said he, "if you will permit me, you shall see that I will, in less than six minutes, destroy all that you have done in six months." Leave being granted, he rode near the Persian horsemen, who were leading the state-horses, and who had strict orders not to leave their ranks. He had noticed that they were almost all of the Lac and Fy'æ tribes, whose chief residence is among the mountains of Louristan; and he began to sing, as if to himself, but in a clear and loud voice a song, which commenced, "Attend to me, ye sons of Louristan; I sing of the

\* The Persian definition of a good *Lootie*, or buffoon, is, that he ought to be able to laugh, cry, weep, sit still, and dance at the same moment. Some of these jesters approach very near to this idea of perfection.

glorious deeds of your forefathers." Before he had finished his song, to which all were listening with attention, the whole cavalcade was thrown into confusion by the kicking of horses, the Persians having broken the line of march, and crowded round to hear him more distinctly. The jester laughed heartily at the success of his joke, and said to the envoy, "Do not be distressed at the fate of your fine discipline: I have heard of a man who, with nothing but the song I have just sung, collected an army, and was called a king for several weeks."

This, I am assured, was the fact. A chief of no pretensions had, during the confusion that followed the death of Nadir Shah, gone about Louristan, with some musicians and singers, who continually played and sung this favourite air; and by this means collected about 5,000 followers, and proclaimed himself king.

On the subject of Persian music in general, Sir John Malcolm remarks—

"The Persians deem music a science; but they do not appear to have made much progress in it. They have a gamut and notes, and different kinds of melody, adapted to various strains, such as the pathetic, the voluptuous, the joyous, and warlike: the voice is accompanied by instruments, of which they have a number; but they cannot be said to be farther advanced in this science than the Indians, from whom they are supposed to have borrowed it. Their strains are often pleasing, but always monotonous, and they want that variety of expression which is among the charms of this art."

#### REVIEW.

*Gems of German Song by the most admired Composers, with Pianoforte Accompaniments. Book 7.*

The seventh book of Mr. Ewer's work now lies before us; presumptive proof, at least, that the success of the undertaking is pretty securely established. That a London music-seller should, for a while suspend his baser issues—the petty nonentities of Donizetti, or the puny sentimentalities of our fashionable balladists, for example, and find his account in publishing a somewhat sterner kind of music, is consolatory, at least, as to the direction of public taste. Mr. Ewer can sell to his own profit, or he would not print compositions such as those now under notice. But satisfactory as all this undoubtedly is, it still points to a state of things connected with musical art in this country, which we have ever been unable to comprehend. Why, for example, should the first class vocal writing of England be virtually denied the advantage of public introduction which is unsparingly afforded to equivalent music of foreign growth? That we have composers who can, and occasionally do, coin thoughts and expressions surpassingly beautiful, even when linked in comparison with the brightest imaginings of Schubert or Weber, or Spohr, no one tolerably familiar with the labours of our native artists will attempt to deny; and yet who ever dreamed of stumbling on such a title-page as "*Gems of English Song?*" No London publisher, we fear, has home-loving spirit, or, perhaps, hardihood sufficient to spend a guinea on an enterprize which national prejudice has taught him to deem so utterly promiseless. The routine of labour and its remuneration is with our native artist, but too nearly invariable. He composes—scribbles—*balladizes*, if you will—less because his spirit stirs, than because his necessities compel; his work is offered for publication;—if his poet have a fashionable reputation—if his music be not set in *more* than two sharps or flats—if its difficulty be not ungraspable to the voices and fingers of boarding-school damsels—if, in fact, he have but sufficiently sinned against his conviction of what music is, or *ought* to be, he, *perhaps*, achieves the privilege of enriching his pocket at the cost of his reputation. But should he once cast down the golden idol of his worldly judgment before the divinity of his heaven-born inspiration—should he think of his *art*—should he write as he loves, "with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength,"—how shall it profit him? His publisher politely intimates that the work will not "suit his connection;" and he returns his rejected manuscript to its dusty shelf; or, if unusually enthusiastic about his handicraft, he perhaps embraces the pleasurable alternative of seeing it in print, with the ominous words, "published for the author," at the foot of the title-page! All this clearly displays some radical rottenness in our musical state.

A music-seller fairly bitten with ultra-Teutonism appears strangely divested of all those visions of mischance which invariably beset him while calculating the value of any native work of more than ordinary pretension. Executive difficulty suddenly loses its terrors—double sharps and flats no longer appal him—he glances his eye over scrambling arpeggios, intricate modulations, and crowded harmonies with the coolest indifference; it is sufficient for him that the music is *German*, and to press it goes. And yet these publishers are clever fellows—keenly alive to their own interests, and thoroughly acquainted with the market-price of every commodity they buy and sell;—why not, then, treat all German importations with the systematic caution which they are wont to exercise in picking quarrels with every thing English that may chance to lie just without the bounds of maudlin common-place? Not because they are more intrinsically excellent, we trow: nine-tenths of all the continental “gems” we have seen would not terrify us out of staking long odds on the possibility of surpassing them at the hands of some half-dozen young Englishmen we could name—not because they are less difficult, certainly, so long as crotchets and quavers may be taken in evidence of their own value. In plain truth, the question seems solvable only through the fact—anything but creditable to our nationality—that the English public will greedily purchase, if sanctioned by a foreign warranty, the very same kind of music which, if penned by a home-bred artist, they would pass over as either dull or impracticable. “What’s in a name?”—not much, perhaps, in most cases; but this at least we know—let Tomkins or Jenkins write the finest music that was ever distilled from mortal brain, and he will still find it proximate to the labours of Hercules to persuade his countrymen into placing it to his credit.

The first song in the present volume, “Anguish,” by Schubert, is, perhaps, more thoroughly indicative of *genius* than any one of the rest. The composer, aware that a musical portraiture of any vehement emotion was not compassable by mere *cantabile* melody, has preserved, almost uniformly, the plan of short phrasing, strongly-marked accompaniment, and strange and vigorous forms of harmony. At the foot of the first page, commencing with the words “Wave after wave,” we find a passage of extraordinary power, though simple texture; and further on, commencing near the close of the second page, Schubert gives full swing to his characteristic originality; take, for instance, the novel process of modulation into G major, and the thrilling effect of the succeeding passage, throughout which the bass and melody move in octaves. The whole composition is tinted with the very grandeur of gloominess, and, as a piece of expressive writing, is of the highest order of merit. The second song, by Weber, “Lovely flower,” is not one of his most striking efforts. It is pleasing, but not remarkable either for the freshness of material or the passionate conception usually found in the song-writing of its composer. The songs, “Bibo’s Will,” and “The Snow-drop,” by Marschner and Keller, might belong to any country or composer without doing especial honour to either. Spohr comes in, however, by way of compensation, and the lovers of pure and graceful music will find a treat in the perusal of the two compositions he contributes. The first, “Over vale and river glancing,” literally overflows with his peculiarities—his voluptuous forms of melody, his favourite circuits of modulation, and his exquisite dispersion of harmonies. Its fault is a general want of repose: the voice part has a ceaseless, almost wearying motion in quavers, while the course of its modulation is far too extended; one key follows another with a restless celerity which most ears would deem absolutely distressing. The last composition, “The Carnival,” is a gem of the brightest water, without spot or blemish to mar its loveliness. It possesses all its composer’s delicious tranquillity of character with rather more than his usual amount of fancy, and its effect is much heightened by the duet form of its accompaniment.

We trust to find Mr. Ewer’s publication extensively circulated. The perusal and practice of beautiful music—we care not for the *how* or the *why*—will infallibly induce an amelioration of public taste in such matters, and from thence, as certainly may we reckon on due consideration and countenance to the artists of our own land.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## LIVERPOOL PRIZE GLEES.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—I beg to say that, of the prizes offered by the Beef-Steak Club at different times, *three* have been awarded to me, and not *one* only, as was stated in the list recently given by the Secretary of that club.

March 5th, 1840.

GEORGE HARGREAVES.

## MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

## METROPOLITAN.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS commenced their sixty-fourth season last night under the direction of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge when the following fine selection was performed:—

## PART I.

The National Anthem	Feo.
Quartet and Chorus 'Cum Sancto Spiritu'.....	Handel.
Duet, Messrs. Phillips and Machin, 'The Lord is a man of war'.....	Handel.
Chorus 'Gird on the sword' (Saul).....	Bach.
Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, 'Confusa, abbandonata'.....	Handel.
Chorus, 'We will rejoice' (Joseph).....	Handel.
Air, Mr. Hobbs, 'Golden columns' (Solomon).....	Purcell.
Duet, Miss Birch and Mrs. J. Fiddes, 'No, resistance is in vain'.....	Haydn.
Song, Mr. W. Harrison, 'In native worth' (Creation).....	Handel.
Recit., 'Tis done, the sacred knot is tied'.....	Joseph.....
Chorus, 'Immortal pleasures crown this pair'.....	Handel.

## PART II.

Selection from <i>Acis and Galatea</i> .....	Handel.
Aria, Mr. Phillips, 'Lascia Amor'.....	Handel.
Selection from a Service.....	Righini.
Song, Miss Birch, 'From mighty Kings'.....	Handel.
Madrigal (full choir), 'When all alone' (1380).....	Converso.
Double Chorus, 'From the censor' (Solomon).....	Handel.

Her Majesty entered the royal box with the Duke of Cambridge, about half-past eight o'clock, when the company immediately rose, and were most respectful in their reception of our gracious sovereign. The Queen Dowager and Prince Albert immediately followed, and met with a cordial welcome. There were also in the royal box, the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, Prince Ernest of Saxe Coburg, and Baron Gruben, the Duke of Wellington, the Archbishop of York, Lord Burghersh, &c.; the room was crowded with a most brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion. The National Anthem, with the additional words written by Planché in honour of Prince Albert as sung at Covent Garden, was commenced immediately on the entrance of the royal party; the first verse was taken by Miss Birch, the second, arranged as a quartett by Sir George Smart, was sung by Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, Machin, and Phillips; and the third, by Madame Caradori Allan, who made her first public appearance since her return from America; she sang Bach's "Confusa abbandonata," with great brilliancy, and Handel's "Hark, ye warbling choir," with both simplicity and sweetness. Feo's Quartett and Chorus, were well performed, and Handel's fine Duet and Chorus beautifully given. The selection from Righini's Service, a very fine credo, was extremely well performed. Mr. Harrison gave in a very effective manner Haydn's charming song, "In splendour bright;" and Miss Birch and Mrs. Fiddes Purcell's quaint duet. The chorus, which concluded the first part, was a most happy selection, and was applied by the company; the following are the words:—

## RECITATIVE.

'Tis done, the sacred knot is tied,  
Which death alone can e'er divide.

## CHORUS.

Immortal pleasures crown this pair,  
 Who thus by Heav'n high favour'd are;  
 Joys ever round them wait.  
 May these below, like those above,  
 Contend who most and longest love;  
 And be as bless'd as great.

The queen, who looked remarkably well, and was dressed in white, with black ornaments, expressed herself highly gratified. The band is nearly the same as last year, with the exception of poor Mori, whose place is now occupied by Mr. Loder. The selection was highly creditable to His Royal Highness as director, and Sir George Smart as conductor.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY commenced its season on Monday evening at the old place of meeting—the Hanover Square Rooms; and judging from the attendance which was materially less numerous than heretofore, and the state of the society's musical affairs, we should pronounce it in anything but a prosperous and flourishing condition. We have already noticed the change in the disposition of the instruments in the orchestra; its improvement on the old plan was very generally recognised. The selection comprised but little novel in either the instrumental or vocal departments. The following is the programme:—

## PART I.

Sinfonia, No. 5 (first time of performance).....	Spohr.
Duetto, Madame Villowen and Madame Villowen Caton (their first performance in England), 'La Serenata,' with Pianoforte Acct.....	Rossini.
Concerto, Pianoforte, in C major, Mr. Bennett.....	Beethoven.
Song, Miss Masson, 'The Sea hath pearly treasures,' with Horn Obligato, Mr. Jarrett.....	Lachner.
Overture, 'Euryanthe'.....	C. M. Von Weber.

## PART II.

Sinfonia, No. 1.....	Beethoven.
Duetto, Mesdames Villowen, 'Vanne se alberghi' (Andronico).....	Mercadante.
Concerto, Violin, D minor, Mr. Blagrove.....	Rode.
Trio, Mesdames Villowen and Miss Masson, 'Night's lingering shades' (Azor and Zemira).....	Spohr.
Overture, 'Yelva' (first time of performance).....	Reissiger.

Spohr's Sinfonia, notwithstanding the vigorous writing in the last movement, was ineffective, and failed to attract the admiration which usually attends the performance of this eminent writer's compositions. The *debutantes*, the Mesdames Villowen, are said to be pupils of Bordogni; their voices are thin and by no means pleasing, their cadences in the duet in the second part were neatly executed. The solo performers consisted of two young professors, of whom we may justly be proud—Sterndale Bennett and Blagrove; the former played Beethoven's concerto admirably, and exhibited throughout his performance a true appreciation of the composition; at its termination he was loudly and deservedly applauded. Blagrove's concerto on the violin was executed in his usual chaste and quiet manner. Beethoven's Symphony formed a capital commencement of the second part; it would, however, have been more judicious had it commenced the concert; its performance was magnificent. Miss Masson sang her song exceedingly well; the horn obligato accompaniment of Mr. Jarrett was uncommonly well performed, and his tone is excellent. The other pieces call forth no particular remark; the overture to *Euryanthe* went well, and Reissiger's overture formed a noisy conclusion to a concert but little worthy of the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Potter conducted, and Mr. F. Cramer was the leader.

## PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

CHELSEHAM.—*St. David's Day* was celebrated with the usual honours by the Cambro-Britons resident in the town and neighbourhood, who with their friends, to the number of forty, dined together at the Plough Hotel; Mr. G. A. Williams presiding, and the Rev. J. Jones acting as vice-president. The dinner was served up in the best manner;

and on the removal of the cloth, the grace, "Praise the Lord for evermore for the blessings he bestows," and set to the beautiful Welsh air of "Sou gau" was sung by the professional gentlemen present, and had a very fine effect. In the course of the toasts which followed, the following appropriate songs were sung—"The sons of the Cymru," by Mr. R. Spinney—"The Welsh Harper," by Mr. Packwood; "The Maid of Sher," with much sweetness, by Mr. Evans; "Saw ye the blazing star?" by Mr. Heywood. The party broke up shortly after seven o'clock, and proceeded to the concert, which took place, as usual, at the Rotunda. It opened with Parry's favourite "Overture to a Trip to Wales," very spiritedly performed by a small band led by Mr. Uglow; the song and chorus of "Cambria's Holiday" appropriately succeeding—Miss Sullivan sustaining the principal voice. Mrs. Hemans' beautiful poem "From the glowing southern regions" was next sung as a duet, by Mr. Spinney and Mr. Evans, to the fine old Welsh air "Of Noble Race." The song and chorus of "The Eisteddod" was then given, Mr. Heywood singing the solo with great energy and spirit. Pio Cianchetti contributed his powerful aid, by the performance of an extempore fantasia on the piano, selecting for his themes the airs of "Cader Idris" and "Ap Shenkin," upon each of which he executed several very characteristic and masterly variations. The pretty little ballad of "The Cambrian Minstrel Boy" was next sung by Master Jarrett with peculiar sweetness, and elicited a loud encore; as did also "The Maid of Llangollen," which Mr. Evans sang, accompanying himself on the piano. The trio, "Sons of the Fair Isle," by Miss Sullivan, Mr. Spinney, and Mr. Evans, with a chorus, was very effective; and "The War Song of the Men of Glamorgan," with which the first act closed, was never better sung. Immediately this was ended, the cornopean struck up the favourite air of "Jenny Jones" in the long room—a signal for the company to repair to tea; and a pleasant half hour's interval between the first and second parts of the concert was thus passed. The musical performances were resumed by Mr. Best's "Clarinet Fantasia introducing Welsh Airs" accompanied by the full band, most effectively executed. The duet "Flow gently, Deval!" next followed, and to this succeeded the ballad, "Adieu to dear Cambria!" which Miss Sullivan sang with much feeling. "Taliesin's Prophecy," to the Welsh air of "The Dawn of Day," was finely sung by Mr. Spinney, and rapturously encored; so also was the duet, "Hob y deri dando," which Miss Sullivan and Mr. Evans undertook. The latter gentleman likewise favoured us with "The Rose of Llanmeilen," his singing of which elicited general applause. "The Bardic Ode and Chorus" did not tell so well as at former festivals, and the grand finale of "St. David's Day" was less effective than we have heard it in days gone by. We must not omit mentioning, that between the second and third pieces of this act Mr. Uglow delighted the company with the performance of a concerto on the violin, introducing, in the most happy style, snatches of the tune of "Poor Mary Ann." The whole of the musical arrangements were under the direction of the town's favourite, Mr. Woodward, who presided at the piano; conducting the concert with infinite skill, judgment, and good humour.

*Mr. Brannhalder's First Lecture on National Music*, consisting of a review of the music of Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Tyrol was delivered at the Assembly Rooms on Saturday evening.

**MANCHESTER.**—*Theatre Royal.*—Miss Grant took her benefit on Saturday last, when Barnett's opera, the *Mountain Sylph*, was performed. The house was tolerably well filled by a highly-respectable audience.

**GUERNSEY.**—*Mechanic's Institution.*—On Tuesday evening, the 25th ult., Mr. Ray delivered an instructive and interesting lecture on Sounds, as connected with Music, in the library of the Mechanic's Institution. It was attended by a very numerous audience, who frequently expressed their delight at the luminous and pleasing style in which the talented lecturer explained his subject. The following will convey some general idea of the lecture:—"The sound which strikes the ear most forcibly, from many bodies, when struck, is not what may be denominated the key note; every substance being in some particular key, were many of the substances and materials in daily use to emit but one sound, and that only their fundamental tone, or, in musical language, their tonic, many of the disagreeable sounds which often offend the ear would be no longer heard. Instead of the harsh noise which issues from the sharpening of a saw, a fine bass note would be produced, which would be rather agreeable than otherwise. Instead of the clang of the coppersmith we should hear a sound more resembling the pedal note of an organ—in fact, the theory of vibration would not be the same. Whatever sounds are emitted from the body producing it, besides its primitive one, or its key note, these sounds are governed by a fixed law in acoustics, and consist of replicates of but two different sounds, in addition to the fundamental one. There is a remarkable analogy between the first principles of colour and sound; in the production of colour from a ray of light there is no such thing as a single colour: the solar spectrum consist of three colours, and every sound is accompanied by two others;

nor does any such phenomenon exist in nature as a single sound. These three sounds are invariably produced, when any string is sounded, or note struck, and are so strikingly demonstrated, that, in music, they have been called the common chord, from their existing in common among bodies emitting sounds. To pursue the analogy between colour and sound, we find that when a ray of light is divided by a prism, seven colours are produced: so in the division of sounds between any note and its octave, seven sounds are formed. We often read that the present musical scale was *invented* by Guido d'Arezzo, a monk, but nature had invented it long before. Although the scale appears by this arrangement unequally divided, yet it is not more so than the division of colours into seven, which number seems in an especial manner to be employed in the operations of nature, for we have seven primary sounds, seven primary colours, the world underwent seven stages of preparation before it was fitted for man's existence; after which we find the number seven has been continually employed in things sacred and profane, in all the regions of the earth. The first sound produced by nature, after the tonic, which is the fifth, also consists of seven semitones. Various keys or modes have been compared to various colours. The key of F minor has been considered to produce the same effect on the ear as the colour of brown to the eye; the key of E major to crimson, and so on. A man who had been blind from his childhood, having recovered his sight, was asked what effect scarlet had upon him, and replied that he could only compare it to the sound of a trumpet. But, although these sounds of the third and fifth are produced perfect in the scale of nature, yet, in tuning a keyed instrument, such as the pianoforte, the fifth to every note cannot be tuned as perfect as nature produces them, for, if this were done, such is the mysterious inequality that arises from the operation, that the instrument is so discordant, that scarcely any harmonious combination of sounds can result. To obviate this curious phenomenon, the various fifths from each note are obliged to be what is called tempered; the subject of temperament is so little understood, and so little interests the generality of amateurs, that it is unnecessary to introduce it. Suffice it to say, that a pianoforte well tuned and well tempered, is a pianoforte arranged very delicately out of tune, according to the real distance of each musical interval, and yet to this inequality we ascribe all the beauty which arises from modulation, and all the difference of character perceptible in the various keys. Were it not for this, the key of A would be as plaintive as the key of A flat, and the key B flat as brilliant as E major. Why these sounds or intervals of the third or fifth should be more agreeable to the ear than any other, is only to be attributed to the relative proportions of their vibrations. Any combination of sounds is only agreeable to the ear in proportion as their vibrations coalesce. Thus, if we take C for a fundamental note, every second vibration meets the third vibration of the fifth above (G), and meets also the fifth vibration of the tenth above (E). No vibrations can meet sooner than these. Every vibration of C meets the second vibration of its octave, but then no variety of sound takes it, only more acute. This continued union of vibration between these intervals produces that harmonious equality of sound which makes the delightful impression upon the ear, and has caused it to be termed the harmonic triad, or chord of nature, from the fact that all bodies capable of emitting sounds contain this combination, whether distinctly audible or not. The writer who asserted that 'discord is harmony not understood,' was evidently no musician; for as our planet is at present constituted, discord will ever remain discord, without the laws of sound undergo a complete revolution. There are three distinct vibrating motions in action when we hear a violin, violoncello, or other stringed instrument, which considerably influence its tone. First, the vibration of the string, which, to produce a pure tone, must be without knots or inequality in its thickness; then the vibration of the wood, consisting of front, back, and ribs, which should be made of wood best adapted for conducting sound, perfectly divested of moisture, for on this much of the goodness of the violin depends, besides which there is the vibration of the concave shape which forms the shape of the violin. As every enclosed space is in some key or note, it necessarily follows that to the concave space forming the interior of the violin belongs some particular tone. A violinist is sometimes surprised that his instrument has a finer tone when the third string is played on; another finds the second string produces a finer quality of tone than the rest, which is owing to the ratios of vibration having a relation to the ratio of vibration of the body of the violin. When singing or playing in an empty room, we find that the apartment resounds when particular sounds are emitted and not at others, which is to be attributed to the same cause, as a sound whose vibrations are 640, will be considerably augmented in an apartment whose vibrations are but 5 in a second, though vibrations so slow as these give no decided tone, yet coalesce with the vibrations of the former, 640 being a product of 5. There are other vibrations also in a violin or violoncello, such as the portions of string between the bridge and the tail-piece, but these are so minute as not to be worth notice, although some violins are furnished with slides to tune these portions of string in consonance with the rest of the length. Letting down the string a note must

of course derange all the tension of the violin, as the strings exert a tension from the bridge to the nut equal to about 50 lbs."

**LIVERPOOL.**—*The Grand Subscription Concerts*, now just finished, have succeeded this year beyond the most sanguine expectations. The Theatre Royal, at which they were given, and which was arranged after the manner of the Italian Opera House, pit and boxes in one, has been densely filled every night with the *élite* of Liverpool, and many were unable to obtain admission. The leading vocal and instrumental talent at present in England has been employed at these concerts, and an orchestra formed, under the leadership of Mr. Hermann, extensive in its numbers, and good in its materials—still, the public mind has not been altogether satisfied with the entertainments. Many of the "*tip-top*" performers fell short of their usual effect, and in one or two instances people seemed to wonder how it was they had formed such exalted notions of the individuals in question. *Lindley*, the evergreen, and *Thalberg*, were great amongst the instrumentalists. Amongst the vocalists, Miss Hawes bore away the palm; her gorgeous *contralto* voice, and her perfect enunciation (this latter a rare thing with English singers) "went home to the hearts of all." Miss Novello also produced great effect from a combination of fine natural qualities and superior cultivation, and does credit to this country. Three new candidates for musical fame were introduced at the fourth concert. M. Schneider, a flute player, and two very young ladies, the Misses Weller (whether related to Sam or not we have not heard, but anybody might be proud of their relationship). Poor Schneider made an unfortunate *debut*. Although by no means a bad performer, his choice of music and place in the programme were so bad, considering what he had to play, that long before he had completed his task he was literally hissed off the stage. Of the young pianists we can confidently say, that if they go on at the rate they have, they will eclipse any female performers on the piano England has yet produced, they are evidently blessed with a high conception of a feeling for the beauties of their art, and the cultivation of those qualities has obviously fallen into congenial hands. They made a great impression upon the audience. Mr. Ashton, the spirited *entrepreneur*, gratified, no doubt, with his success, and anxious to evince it, gave a supplementary concert "for the benefit of the hospitals." It was one of the best, in a musical point of view, and its object most praiseworthy, but it nevertheless failed to attract. This was undeserved, and has left a stain upon the musical escutcheon of the multitudes who crowded to the previous entertainments which they will have some difficulty in effacing. A *Philharmonic Society* has lately been established here with every prospect of success. It is extensive in its aim, and highly respectable in its character, and bids fair to make a stir in this part of the country. The first public concert of its members is to take place this week.

**WORKSOP.**—The new Catholic chapel at Worksop, erected at the sole expense of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, from a design by Weightman and Hadfield, was opened for divine service on the 26th of last month, by the Right Reverend Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Cambisopolis, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, assisted by a number of the clergy of that and the Northern district. High mass was celebrated, and a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Waterworth, from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, chap. iv., v. 20, 21. Divine service was repeated in the evening, when the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh delivered a discourse explanatory of the doctrines and discipline of the Catholic Church; after which a collection was made, as had been done in the morning, towards defraying the cost of a small but beautiful organ erected by Gray. The produce of the two collections was about fifty pounds.

**WOLVERHAMPTON.**—*Messrs. Hayward and Hay's last concert* for the season took place on Thursday last, and went off to the universal satisfaction of the very numerous company present. Mr. Parry was of course the star of the evening: his humour is, indeed, of such a genuine character as to win the favourable opinion of any audience, and was on this occasion exerted to the utmost. Mrs. Toulmin was also much applauded; and in this brief notice we must not omit that the orchestra was fuller than on any former occasion, and performed their portion of the harmony of the evening most satisfactorily. We wish as full a room may reward as good a concert next winter.

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—*Sacred Choral Society.*—Our readers may possibly remember how frequently and earnestly we have pressed on their attention the want of such a society as this; how frequently we have urged that in Southampton there was the material to produce choral effects to which we have hitherto been strangers. And how long we have been shut out by the want of such a society from the beautiful music of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr; but the meeting for a public rehearsal convinced all who had any doubt on the matter, that we were right. We have not time to go into a critical analysis of the merits of the different performances, and more especially as it was but a rehearsal, and the first public one that has taken place. Suffice it to say, that the performance gave promise, that we hope now, at no distant period, to vie with our more musical countrymen in the north, where music is, and has long been, cultivated with an

enthusiasm that speaks powerfully in its favour. The moral benefits to be derived from cultivating a good and classic taste, will soon develop themselves, and we hope ere long to congratulate our readers on the pleasure and gratification of performances that may not only amuse but prove beneficial to the interests of the town. We understand that the subscribers are very numerous, and as we are aware that the committee are very strenuous in their endeavours to promote harmony, we wish them success.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**DUCHESS DE GUISE.**—An opera never yet performed, bearing this title, is to be publicly represented at one of the Paris theatres, the proceeds of which are to be presented to the Polish refugees. The principal attraction will consist in all the characters being represented by ladies and gentlemen of the aristocracy, whose names are to appear in the bills of the night. The Princess Czartoryski, who has the entire management of this novel undertaking, has already received numerous applications from fashionable parties, who are desirous of sustaining any characters she may allot to them.

**ROSSINI'S "DI TANTI PALPITI."**—Rossini in the first instance had composed a grand air for the entrance of *Tancred*; but it did not please the Signora Malanote, and she refused to sing it. What was still more mortifying, she did not make known this unwillingness till the very evening before the first representation of the piece. Malanote was a first-rate singer, she was in the flower of youth and beauty, and the gallantry of the young composer was obliged to give way to this no unusual sally of caprice. At first his despair was extreme: "If after the occurrence in my last opera," exclaimed Rossini, "the first entrance of *Tancred* should be hissed—*tutta l'opera va a terra.*" The poor young man returned pensive to his lodgings. An idea came into his head; he seizes his pen and scribbles down some few lines; it is the famous "*Tu che accendi,*"—that which of all airs in the world has been sung the ofttest, and in the greatest number of places. The story goes at Venice, that the first idea of this delicious *cantilena*, so expressive of the joy of revisiting one's native shore after long years of absence, is taken from a Greek litany which Rossini had heard some days previous chanted at Vespers, in a church on one of the islets of the Languna, near Venice. At Venice it is called *aria del rizi* (air of rice); the reason is this: in Lombardy, every dinner, from that of the *gran signore* to that of the *piccolo maestro*, invariably begins with a plate of rice; and as they do not like their rice overdone, it is an indispensable rule for the cook to come a few minutes before dinner is served up, with the important question—*Bisogna mettere i rizi?* (Shall the rice be put down?) At the moment Rossini came home in a state of desperation, his servant put the usual question to him; the rice was put on the fire, and before it was ready, Rossini had finished his celebrated "*Di tanti palpiti.*"

**LARGE PRINTED MUSIC FOR SCHOOLS.**—At the last meeting of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, Mr. Gall exhibited large sheets of music nearly four feet long (for the use of schools and congregational classes), printed at a common letterpress. The notes were inscribed on a stave nearly four inches broad, and could be easily read at a great distance. The method of printing was so simple and easy, that a series of Psalm tunes might be printed for sixpence each. The members present eulogized the object as important, and the manner in which it had been attained as ingenious and successful.

**MDLLE. HERBELE.**—This distinguished *danseuse*, who became the wife of M. Falconet, a banker of Naples, but who still lives, under the former name, in the recollection of thousands of admirers of her dancing in the theatres of Italy and Germany, and who was also a short time at the Opera in London, lately died at Naples, deeply regretted.

**THE KEMBLE TESTIMONIAL.**—On Tuesday afternoon, in last week, the vase mentioned in our last number was presented to Mr. Charles Kemble by the Duke of Beaufort, on behalf of the subscribers. This interesting scene took place at Covent Garden Theatre.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge has signified his intention of being present at the performance of *Israel in Egypt* to-morrow evening.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured this theatre with their presence on Tuesday evening. The performance consisted of Leigh Hunt's play, a *Legend of Florence*, and the new ballet of *Les Champs Elysées*. Prince Ernest was also of the party. As the visit of the royal party was quite private, the audience showed its good sense by not intruding on the amusement of the visitors by any mark of recognition.

**THE HAYMARKET THEATRE** opens for the season on Monday evening next, with *Hamlet* and the farce of the *Irish Lion*. The character of *Hamlet* will be sustained by Macready, and Power as *Tim Moore*, in the farce, will be as entertaining as ever. Webster is the lessee, and the names of the company engaged augurs well for his management; Charles Kean is of the number.

**PERSIANI** is expected to arrive in town from Paris this day.

**MEYERBEER** has been made a Chevalier of the order of St. Ernst, by the Duke of Saxe Gotha on the occasion of a grand musical piece composed by him for the opening of the theatre at Gotha.

**COVENT GARDEN THEATRICAL FUND.**—The anniversary festival which will be held in Freemason's Hall, on Wednesday next, holds out greater attractions than any celebrated for some years past. The musical department will be under the able direction of Sir George Smart who will preside at the pianoforte. The list of vocalists includes the names of Madame Vestris, Miss M. B. Hawes, Miss Lucombe, Miss Rainforth, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss P. Horton; Messrs. H. Phillips, Harrison, Borrain, C. Taylor, and Hudson; and in the instrumental department, Mrs. Anderson and Mr. N. Mori will perform a duet on the piano and violin, so that a rich musical treat may naturally be expected. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge will take the chair, and the attendance will include names eminent in both political, literary, and theatrical circles.

**A MODEST VOCALIST.**—Mr. Thomas Francis, in consequence of some remarks made by the *Times* on the musical arrangements at the Conservative Festival lately held in Merchant Taylor's Hall, has thought it incumbent on him to address the following letter to that journal:—

SIR,—In reference to the remarks on the musical arrangements contained in your report of the grand Conservative Festival at the Merchant Tailors' Hall, on Saturday, I beg to state that the choir consisted of Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. Charles Taylor, Mr. Chapman, of St. Paul's Cathedral, MYSELF, and Masters Coward and Herring, of Westminster Abbey. The committee entertained a desire to have a choir of twelve instead of six voices, but the demand for tickets was so unprecedented, that so many seats could not be spared in the Hall. To so large an auditory six voices might have proved ineffective, but the *justly-celebrated names I have given you is a guarantee that there was no want of skill or ability to give due effect to the music which was performed at this brilliant assembly.*

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient humble Servant,  
5, Mansion-house-street, City, March 2. THOMAS FRANCIS.

It is a specimen of modesty rarely met with, but which, no doubt, his provincial friends will fully appreciate, from their knowledge of the gentleman who occasionally assists his friend "the pedalist," an equally modest being, in "doing the provinces."

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The music sent us for review by Messrs. Cramer and Co., Mr. Chappell, and other publishers, shall be noticed next week.

By some mistake we did not receive the letter of our Liverpool correspondent in time for last week's number; we shall be glad to hear from him as occasion presents itself; his letters should, however, be posted on Monday, if practicable, or Tuesday at the latest.

Mr. Warren's letter on 'God save the King' shall appear next week; we must request our correspondents on this subject to be as brief as possible in their communications.

Our Farnham and Wakefield correspondents shall hear from us in a few days.

All communications should be authenticated.

## MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

This Evening.—Blagrove's Third Quartett Concert.  
 Friday.—Concertores and 'Israel in Egypt.'  
 Saturday.—Italian Opera.  
 Monday.—City Quartett Concert.  
 Tuesday.—Italian Opera.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## PIANOFORTE.

- Listz.—Selection of Studies - Z. T. Purday.  
 Plachy.—Variations on favourite from 'Scaramuccia' - Ditto.  
 Herold.—Overture to 'Ludovico' - Ditto.  
 Last Waltz - Ditto.  
 Andrews, R.—Select Airs from Purcell - Ditto.  
 Variations on 'We shall ne'er hear the like again' - Ditto.  
 Kalliwoða.—Grand Polonaise, four hands, op. 8 - Ever & Co.  
 Souvenir de danse, four hands, op. 31 - Ditto.  
 Bertini.—Les Roses; three rondinos *Wessel & Co.*  
 new edition of Souvenir de Norma; grand variations on 'Dell' aura tua profetica' - Ditto.  
 Kalliwoða.—Duets No. 4, 'La Fete-Chametre' - Ditto.  
 Herten.—Thème de Meyerbeer, op. 100 *Chappell.*  
 Diabelli.—First Duet on airs in 'Il Giuramento' - Ditto.  
 Marschan.—Flora et Zephyr Waltzes, op. 74 - Boosey.  
 Tolbecque.—Gypsy Quadrilles - Ditto.  
 Coote.—Quadrilles from 'Il Torneo' - Ditto.  
 Leidesdorf.—Fantaisie on ditto - Ditto.  
 Souvenir de Pologne: Quadrilles on Polish Airs - Ditto.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Military Journal, Book 71, containing Musard's quadrilles, 'The planter of Trinidad' - *Wessel & Co.*  
 Quadrilles No. 10, Musard's 'St. Petersburg' for orchestra or quintett - Ditto.  
 Labitzky.—Waltzes 'Victoria Alexandrina' for orchestra or quintett - Ditto.  
 Herz.—Quadrilles 'Les Éléantes' arranged for the guitar by Pelzer - *Chappell.*  
 Kalliwoða.—First Potpourri, violin and pianoforte with orchestra, op. 35 - *Ever & Co.*  
 Grand Variations, violin and pianoforte, op. 13, with orchestra for quartett - Ditto.  
 Grand Rondo, pianoforte and violoncello or violin, op. 24 - Ditto.  
 Panofo ka.—Trois Morceaux de Salon for pianoforte and violin: 1.—Air Tyrolien; 2.—Elegie; 3.—Ballade - *Boosey.*

## VOCAL.

- E. J. Loder.—Oh, dianna sing that melting strain - T. Prowse.  
 Sing, dance, and sing - Ditto.  
 My poor Rosette - Ditto.  
 If gold and jewels e'er be mine - Ditto.  
 While mirth and contentment - Ditto.  
 Macfarren, G. A.—Love's like the sun - *Chappell.*  
 Hodson, G. A.—Mary Dhu - Ditto.  
 Russell, H.—The old oak tree - Ditto.

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## PHILOSOPHY of the GROWTH

of HAIR.—It has been well observed by the most sagacious philosophers, that in the simplest operations of every-day life, there is the same recurrence to first principles as in the manipulations of the chemist, or the calculations of the mathematician:—why not, therefore, when engaged in the services of the toilette, employ a remedial agent on the strictest principles of the chemical art? Thus, those who have, from a knowledge of the admirable properties of the celebrated Balm of Columbia, known as Oldridge's, for awhile systematically applied it, have promptly proved to the dubious, that a timely application of a scientific remedy is productive of all the desired effects, and the thickening, invigorating, and restoring the lost hair has proved its advantages.

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